THE PARABLE OF THE PUPPIES: OR THE Top-Knots Vindicated.

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THE Bookseller has promised you a *Parable*, and a *Parable* you must have: Tho the Subject of this Paper needs no Mask, yet for Fashion's sake we'll dress it up *A-la-mode.*

Not long ago a *young English Spaniel Bitch*, called *Phaney*, was big with Puppies, and having gon creeping and sniveling about as long as she was able to bear her Burthen, at last she Litter'd, and brought forth a parcel of hopeful *Male-Whelps*, without ever calling for Lady *Lucina*'s help: I cannot exactly remember their number, tho some say they were a Dozen; but I can tell you some of their Names; for they were soon Christened without either Parson or Godfather to assist at the Ceremony: There was *Fopling*, *Drunkard*, *Gamester*, *Tory-rory*, *Delicate*, *Amorous*, *Sharper*, and more that I have forgot.

They were fine forward Puppies to look upon, suck'd eagerly, and were mighty fond of their *Dam.* They soon got over their Nine Days Blindness, and began to play the *Wanton*, justling each other for Precedency, whelking, snarling, curvetting, and twenty pretty Tricks besides.

It chanc'd that ſome of theſe *Puppies*, as ſoon as they were able to travel, were ſent beyond Sea to *learn Faſhions, how to Fetch and Carry, to beg with a boon Mien, jump over a Stick for the King, and the like.* Now among the reſt, *Fopling* was ſent to *France*, where he learnt to fawn, wag his Tail with a Grace, lick, cringe, hunt a Duck, and all the Accompliſhments fit for an Engliſh *Spaniel*; ſo that at his return for *England*, his *Dam Phancy* ſmelling to him, preſently knew him to be her *none dear Puppy*; and there were a World of Endearments, *Dog and Bitch Complements*, fawning Hugs, Horſe-Buſſes, and ſuch like Ceremonies paſſed between 'em; and *Fopling* began to be ſome body in the Family, every Whelp was in love with his Carriage; he bark'd, hunted, fought, lick'd, cring'd and curvetted *a-la-mode de Paris*: All his Actions and his whole Air was French, ſo that he was ſet for a Pattern of Good-Breeding to all the Whelps of the Family. But nothing proved ſo advantagious to his *Whelp-ſhip's* Perſon, as the Dreſs which he brought over with him from *France*. For it being the Faſhion there for all the Puppies to be ſhav'd, and have *Perukes* made of Shock-Dogs long Hair, our Engliſh Spaniel, little *Fopling*, muſt needs be in the Faſhion too, and gets him a ſwinging Shock Wig; which made him look vary gracefully, much like *Trinkala*'s Monſter in the Tempeſt, or like a Barbers *Decoy-Block*, ſet out with polite *Chedreux*, to draw Cuſtomers to the Shop. And if you'd know the Truth on't, 'tis this has made the Shock-Dogs ſo Curriſh ever ſince, to ſee themſelves mock'd by every Apiſh Spaniel.

However, little *Fopling* was mightily admir'd for his Shock-Wig, and all the Whelps of his Litter were reſolv'd to imitate his Example: *Drunkard* produc'd Phyſical Reaſons for it, and ſaid 'twas good for the Head-ach after a Debauch of Wine. *Gameſter* and *Sharper* ſaid, 'twas a Politick Faſhion, a cunning Diſguiſe for Rooks and Cheats. *Tory-rory* ſaid, it made a Dog look Great, and created a reſpect in the Vulgar Whelps of the Neighbourhood. *Delicate* and *Amorous* pleaded, That it rendred the Face more amiable and charming. The reſt of the Whelps alſo had their ſeveral Reaſons, and all agreed in this, That they would be in the *Mode*.

So they all went to *Tonſor*'s, a Puppy that had been bred in *France*, but now Kennel'd in the Neighbourhood. His whole Gift lay in Lavering and Shaving the *Whelps*, in curling and criſping their Hair, waſhing, patching and painting their Mangy Faces, and making of Shock-Wigs. 'Tis incredible what a Trade *Tonſor* got in a ſmall time among theſe Whelps, and the reſt of the Litter. For in the firſt place, as ſoon as *Fopling* walk'd in a Morning, and ſhook his ſtinking Ears, was almoſt choak'd with his own *Hogo*, till he had ſent for *Puppy-Tonſor* to perfume and powder him. Then for Drunkard, he was a Noun Adjective, and could hardly ſtand alone, till *Puppy-Tonſor* had with Comb, Waſh-Ball, and Benjamin ſettled his Addle Brains. Neither could *Tory-rory*, *Gameſter* or *Sharper* do any buſineſs, till they had paſs'd through *Tonſor*'s Office. And as for *Delicate* and *Amorous*, they had no other Buſineſs to do, but to ſee and be ſeen, and therefore *Tonſor*'s Art was as neceſſary to them, as their Meat and Drink. In

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fine, *Tonſor*'s Office grew ſo much in Requeſt, that at long run the better ſort of Puppies would have none but *Tonſors* for their *Valet-de-Chambre*. For you muſt note by the way, that Bitch *Phancy* had Litter'd and Litter'd again for many years together, ſo that in time all *England* was ſtock'd with Puppies of the ſame Breed. You could not ſet your Foot in a Pariſh where there were not ſome of *Phancy*'s Whelps, *Puppies upon Puppies*, *Tonſors upon Tonſors*, and they multiplied ſo faſt, that one *Tonſor* could hardly live for another.

I will not tire your Patience with any more of the *Parable*, but come to the plain Engliſh, the Intrinſical Marrow-bone of the matter:

The Men do but make Rods for themſelves, in Jampooning Womens innocent Dreſſes: And the Author of the Top-Knots had better held his Peace, than provok'd a *Female Pen* againſt the Fops of his Sex; pretty Womaniſh things, that firſt taught us, and now exceed us in all manner of Effeminacy.

Is it not a pleaſant and very diverting Spectacle, to ſee a Fellow, as ſoon as he is out of his Bed in a Morning, run to the Looking-Glaſs, and pay his firſt Devotions to the worſhipful Figure of himſelf? To play the *Narciſſus* with his own Shadow, and make his Court with an hundred and twenty Grimaces to his pretty *Pigs-nies*? Is it not a manly Exerciſe to ſtand licking his Lips into Rubies, painting his Cheeks into Cherries, patching his Pim-ginits, Carbuncles and Buboes? To ſee another ſtriving to out-do *Apelles* in counterfeiting the lovely Eyebrow? A third to be two long Hours in careening his Hair or Peruke? A fourth as tedious in adjuſting his *Crevat-ſtring*? Is it not very comical to ſee the Fop ſtrutting up and down his Chamber, ſurveying himſelf from Head to Foot, firſt turning one Shoulder, then t'other, now looking fore-right in the Glaſs, then turning his Poſteriors, tiffling with the Curls in his VVig, tying and untying his Crevat, writhing himſelf into as many Poſtures as he in the *Pall-Mall*; and yet after all his *Forenoon Speculation*, not being ſatisfied, till he has conſulted his flattering *Valet*? I will not trouble you with all the Impertinent Dialogue that paſſes between 'em; but after they have Parrotted over the *Brandenburgh*, *Chedreux*, *Eſcla't*, *Orangers*, *Picards*, *Pulvilio*, *Rous*, *Surtout*, and a deal more of Ribble Rabble, Pedlers French; and after Mounſieur *Gnaw-bone* has compleatly equip'd his Maſter *en Chevalier*, the ſpark ſallies forth of his Chamber like a Peacock, beſeeching the VVinds to favour his delicate Friz, and not put a Lock or a Curl out of Joynt. Then 'tis very edifying to mind how the Coxcomb angles for Admirers: The good-natur'd Animal fanceis every Body's in Love with him, that caſts an Eye on his Accompliſh'd Phis'nomy and Dreſs as he walks along the Street, I ſhould have ſaid danc'd along, for he ſcorns to walk the vulgar Mechanick Pace.

You'd be no leſs taken with the Scene, when our Spark, as he is moving along, like an Image of VVax, or Piece of Italian Clockwork, deeply occupied in the Contemplation of this wonderful Fabrick, is ſuddenly accoſted by a Friend out of the Country, whom he has not perhaps ſeen for a year together; what ducking, cringing and ſcraping there is between

'em? You would think at first they were going to unbuckle one anothers Shoes, so low go their Hands, as to touch each others Ankle! Then up they mount again, first over one Shoulder, and then over t'other, slabbering each others Cheeks like a couple of good-natur'd Colts, that take turns to lick one another where it itches; you'd swear they were *Harlekin*'s Bastards, and were practising the Anticks. It must needs be a sweet Exercise for a couple of Puppies to brush one anothers Chaps with their bristled Beards! Especially when perfum'd with the odoriferous Scent of Tobacco.

Pursue him to the Coffee-House, where he generally takes his Mornings Draught, and you'l find him either the Cypher, or the Single Ten of the Company. Either he sits like *Jack Adams*, and brings forth nothing but a few dull Stories, the Tackers together of other Mens Words; or if he ventures to let his empty Noddle take wind, all his Discourse is of Dresses, Pimps and Whores, or the like insignificant Stuff, embroidered now and then with Oaths and God-d——mes, which renders him the Scorn of all Civil Company. Men of Sense Lampoon him to his Face, and he takes it for a *Panegyrick*: And the very Coffee-Boys having once found out the Gallants soft place, burlesques upon the *Noble Squire*, while the Silly Creature takes all this for Respect.

Trace him from thence to the *Ordinary*, or *Eating-House*; if he dines alone, he may pass for a wise Man, according to the old Rule, *That a Fool cannot be known to be such by his silence.* But if he engages with other Company, they make a double use of him, one to help their Digestion, by affording them continual matter of Laughter and Ridicule, and the other to pay the odd Mony of the Reckoning, which the easie Fop never refuses, that he may appear a complaisant and well-bred Gentleman.

And now his Belly's full, the Lambkin begins to grow wanton, and has a great mind to visit his *Sempstress* or *Milliners Shop*, on purpose to be admir'd by little Miss that sits behind the Counter, with whom he enters into a profound Chat about the *newest Fashion for Crevats*, what colour'd Ribband is most proper for that Season? How deep Men wear their Ruffles? When he has run himself out of Breath with a Catalogue of the various *Whim-whams*, such Coxcombs as he wear about 'em, he makes a Parenthesis (by peeping in the Glass that hangs up in the Shop) finding fault with his Barber, Laundress, Taylor, *&c.* on purpose to draw her Eyes towards his Idolized Self. Here begins the Rehearsal of his Morning's Chamber-work: He picks a Quarrel with his Crevat, that he may engage pretty Miss to tie it anew for him, and then he has a fair Opportunity to make Love by a thousand little effeminate Tricks. Then his Ruffles don't sit to please him, and Miss is employed again. Here's another advantage, to shew his *White Hand*, whilst the fond Coxcomb falls in Love by the same methods which he uses to captivate her; and she laughs in her Sleeve at the ridiculous effeminacy and softness of him, who might otherwise pass for a Man.

If he goes from hence to the Play-House on a Day when Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Sir *Martin Marall*, Sir *Courtly Nice*, or any other Comedy is Acted, that may serve as a Mirrour for him to see his own Folly in, He has hardly patience to sit the *first Act* out; but as soon as that's over, he flies out of the Pit in a Huff, calls for his *Half-Crown*, plays the Critick, damns the Play, away he troops like a Knight-Errant to hunt for new Adventures; for he knows not what that *Mechanick Thing*, called *Business*, means. He strolls up and down the Streets, and is never out of his Road, so long as he's within Scent of a Tavern or Ale-house, where he may idly pass away his Hours, till the *Evening Change Time* calls for him to beat the Hoof in *Fleetstreet*, *Cheapside*, or the *Strand*, in pursuit of some *Female Bargain*. But here's the Deel on't, tho he means well, yet his *Luck's* nought; for he is a Fumbler at Courtship, that the better sort of *Night-Walkers* put him out of Countenance, and he is forc'd either to take up with some *Ordinary Pug*, who ten to one picks his Pockets before she leaves him; or being baulk'd in this important Design, he sneaks into some Coffee-House, to end the Day as he began it, and go Home to Bed the *same Fop he rose*.

After all this, Gentlemen, will you persist to libel Women, because they use some innocent Arts to reclaim you from these Follies? Believe me, our *Towers* and *Top-knots* are no other than Satyrs on your *high crisp'd Wigs*, and *Dangling Locks*, your *Spruce Crevat-strings*, *Sword-knots*, and the rest of your Finical Dress. I dare be bold to challenge you in the Name of *all our Sex*; begin you, and shew a good Example, leave off all this effeminate Clutter; abandon your Fopperies and Vices, and act like Men of Sense, and I'll engage the Women will quickly follow your Steps, and re-assuming the ancient Spirit and Valour of our renown'd Ancestors the *Picts*, we'll accompany you to the Wars, and make all the World to tremble at the Name of the *English Amazons*.